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HERR NIKISCH.

THE subject of our portrait came to England this year for the first time, and though a stranger in all save his high continental reputation, he contrived almost immediately to attract the admiring attention of those Englishmen who were best qualified to appreciate a first-rate conductor. His four orchestral concerts just completed at the Queen's Hall were among the most noticeable musical events of the current musical season, and to all the works in widely differing styles presented by his fine band of 100 performers, he gave a pronounced and very individual distinction.

Herr Nikisch was born on October 12th, 1855, at Szent-Miklos in Hungary, and studied at the Vienna Conservatorium under Dessooff and Hellmesberger for composition and violin-playing, respectively. There he won a first prize for a string sextet, and he subsequently played for four years in the Vienna Imperial Orchestra. At the age of 23 he attracted the attention of Herr Angelo Neumann, under whose auspices he became conductor at the Stadt-Theater of Leipsic, in association with Herren Sucher and Seidel, and in 1889 he was appointed conductor of the Boston (U.S.A.) Symphony orchestra. Here he remained for four years, his "leader" being Herr Adamowski, who appeared as solo violinist at the Queen's Hall on June 15th, when Herr Nikisch made his first bow to an English audience. On his return to Europe, he was invited to undertake the direction of the opera at Buda-Pesth, where he successfully revived the operas of Smetana, and identified himself generally with the cause of national music.

Herr Nikisch cannot, of course, hope to avoid comparison with the numerous eminent conductors that are now before the public. But only with the greatest of them is he to be compared. If he take a second place, it will only be because Hans Richter is first. His method is full of modesty on the one hand, and extraordinary nervous force on the other. His manner of conducting is characterised by great self-control, and at the same time his results are far above those achieved by many who employ the wildest gesticulation. The late Peter Tschaikowsky said of him, on August 2nd, 1894: "His conducting has nothing in common with the effective, and, in its way, inimitable manner of Herr Hans von Bülow," and he further implied that just in proportion as Herr von Bülow was animated and restless, so was Herr Nikisch sparing of superfluous movement, quiet, yet commanding. We look forward with pleasure to a fresh series of concerts to be conducted by Herr Nikisch, whose artistic work, unmarred by the shadow of ostentation, has been most interesting, whether in the interpretation of Wagner, Grieg, Smetana, or Beethoven.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE prize offered by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners for the "best one-act opera without chorus, written by a British subject," was carried off from more than 40 competitors by Mr. Alick Maclean, and his

composition, *Petruccio*, was very favourably received at a morning performance at Covent Garden on June 29th. The libretto was furnished by his sister, who modestly veiled her identity under the name of "Sheridan Ross." The story is one of the best possible for operatic treatment, providing, as it does, not only an interesting plot, but also frequent opportunities for effective situations. It would be too much to say that "Adrian Ross" has written an ideal poem; on the contrary, her lines are often commonplace, and there is throughout no attempt at rhyme, or any very definite metre or form. But the librettist has arranged her points with admirable clearness, and the scenes which she introduces are precisely those which should have been selected. To tell a somewhat complicated story in a single act is a by no means easy task, and she has handled her material with considerable ingenuity. The idea of opening with a dark scene, in which the aged Petruccio lives over again, as it were, the tragic day which wrecked his happiness, is a novel departure. One commences, so to speak, with the epilogue, and his retrospect constitutes the drama unfolded before the audience.

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THIS is not the place in which to give the plot in detail. Suffice it to say that it is one of unhappy love culminating in sudden tragedy, the whole being enacted amid the most picturesque surroundings and led up to with consummate art. I think that from a purely dramatic point of view, and quite apart from the music, *Petruccio* is a model of a symmetrical play. So much for "Adrian Ross's" share in it. The music of Mr. Alick Maclean is extremely pleasing, talented, and refined. He shows a mastery of orchestration that is astonishing, and he is never by any chance betrayed into the semblance of vulgarity. There is little scope for concerted music among the voices, but of what little there is the composer has taken the best advantage. The quartet (unaccompanied) "Sweet friendship, put forth fresh young leaves" is beautifully written, and the vocal music is always unrestrained and eminently satisfactory. Mr. Ross is refreshingly free from the curse of affectation. He allows his inspiration full play with the limitations only of nice taste and musicianly propriety; judging by this comparatively early effort he will do work in the future of a very valuable character indeed. The opera was particularly well sung by Mr. Manners in the title rôle, Miss Fanny Moody as the heroine, and Mr. John Child as the unfortunate lover, while minor parts were efficiently filled. *Petruccio* goes far to show that, however tedious or futile such operas as *Harold* or *The Light of Asia* may be, there are yet latent among "British subjects" composers, with a real gift of music, who could charm us were the chance only offered to them.

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MR. A. WALLACE RIMINGTON gave his last exhibition of "Colour Music" for this season at St. James's Hall, on July 4th. The inventor claims for his "Colour Organ"—an ingenious machine which by pressing keys like those of the piano will throw corresponding colours upon a screen—that it will place the production of colour under as easy and complete control as the production of sound in

music. Thus three new elements are introduced into the use of colour, viz., time, rhythm, and instantaneous combination, elements which, being hitherto associated only with music, render the term "colour music" the only one which would sufficiently describe the new art. Mr. Rimington next proceeds to establish an analogy between the notes of the musical scale and the colours of the spectrum band, making the low red (with fewest vibrations) answer to the note C, and the high violet (with most vibrations) answer to the seventh or "leading" note B. The intermediate sharps and flats he contrives for in a manner which I confess I can scarcely follow; and the result is that, at the same time that a piece of music is being played he can give you a Colour Symphony which (he alleges) is in corresponding vibration. The effect is very curious, if not in the highest degree scientific. In the first place I had always thought that musical notes were the result of vibrations of air, while colours resulted from those of ether. But the subject is too deep for me, and it only remains for one of my limited knowledge to chronicle the facts that a highly interesting programme of music was gone through, and that the audience was slightly dazzled by the harmonies of the "colour organ." I may observe that the selection of the note C for correspondence with the colour red seems to be somewhat arbitrary, especially when we reflect that what we call C in this country is not C on the continent, owing to the difference of pitch there adopted.

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MR. FREDERIC GRIFFITHS, the well-known flautist, gave a delightful Flute Recital at the Royal Academy of Music on July 3rd, when he had the invaluable assistance of Mr. Septimus Webbe (pianoforte), Señor Manuel Gomez (clarinet), and Miss Lascelles, and Mr. Arthur Oswald (vocalists). Mr. Edward German, too, kindly accompanied his own composition "Suite for Flute and Piano," and this clever and stimulating piece was one of the features of the afternoon. Mr. Griffiths played the flute part with the utmost taste and facility, and the three movements of which the *Suite* consists are each instinct with grace and originality. The programme introduced music that is outside the beat of the ordinary concert-room, and was none the less agreeable on that account. Considerable interest attached to some works by Frederic the Great, who was himself a proficient flute player. Selections from his sonatas, which bear the stamp of sound scholarship, were given by Messrs. Griffiths and Septimus Webbe. Mr. Arthur Oswald sang, among other efforts, a setting by Mr. Harvey Löhr of "My love is like the red, red rose," which suiting him to perfection, he rendered with especial effect. The song is, really, a fine one. One of the pleasantest afternoon concerts I have lately attended was rounded off with a bewitching Tarantelle for flute and clarinet (with piano accompaniment) by Saint-Saëns, and this charming item, beautifully played by the soloists mentioned above, was of itself worth a long journey to hear.

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THE Nikisch Concerts terminated on July 6th with a programme devoted to Brahms, Beethoven, and Wagner. Brahms' Symphony (No. 2 in D) received a fine interpretation, and Beethoven's violin concerto was very ably played by M. Achille Rivarde, who, without giving any extraordinarily thoughtful reading of this monumental work, at least showed a tasteful appreciation of its beauties that is

by no means common among solo violinists. This is a piece which demands intellectual, far more than executive, qualities in the performer, and it is too often gone through correctly enough, but without any true perception of its inner meaning. The Wagner items comprised the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, the Prelude and closing scene from *Tristan*, and the superb *Kaisermarsch*. All these were played under Herr Nikisch with the utmost tact and precision, and the *Lohengrin* selection has, perhaps, never been heard to greater advantage on the whole, in spite of a slight slip towards the end. At the previous concert on June 29th, M. Paderewski appeared and played his own Polish Fantasia for piano and orchestra. He was rapturously applauded, of course, as he deserved to be. Other admirable numbers were Tschaiikowsky's splendid, if lengthy, Symphony (No. 5) in five movements, and the *Meistersinger* overture, which was rendered in a way that only Richter could have excelled.

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MONDAY, July 15th, was the date of the finest performance of *Tannhäuser* ever witnessed in London. Covent Garden Opera House was crowded, and the Princess of Wales looked in for a short time before the State ball. To see and hear M. Alvarez in the title rôle is to derive a new impression of the character. Accustomed as we are to the German School of vocalism in Wagnerian opera, we are apt to regard what is merely passable as good enough; but when such an artist as M. Alvarez shows us how the part ought to be filled, it comes upon us as a sudden revelation. The German vocalist declaims and shouts; M. Alvarez sings. And what singing! No one who heard him will in future be able to listen to Herr Max Alvary with much complacency. M. Alvarez was *Tannhäuser*, in voice, in appearance, in gesture. The like has not been heard before; he sprang at once into the position of the foremost of European tenors.

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His efforts were well seconded by Madame Emma Eames as Elizabeth. Looking perfectly beautiful, and singing like an angel, she raised the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. One cannot but regret that Wagner never had the opportunity of hearing his opera interpreted by these two grand vocalists. It would have done him good. Madame Eames has been deemed to be a trifle cold in manner; if so, she is all the more suited to the part of Elizabeth. Words fail to express the charm she conveyed, or the spell which she cast. M. Plançon as Hermann I. made a dignified and sympathetic father. His singing, as usual, was faultlessly in tune, and thanks to the valuable concurrence of MM. Bonnard, Gillibert and Corsi the concerted portions of the vocal music went not only without the slightest hitch, but with the most complete and distinguished success. M. Maurel was suffering from indisposition, and it was evident that he could not throw himself into the character of Wolfram with his customary vigour. None the less he worked loyally, as did also Mlle. Bauermeister as the Young Shepherd, whose brief appearance is one of the most picturesque features of the opera.

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OF the Venus of Madame Adini it is not possible to speak in enthusiastic terms. Not to mince matters she was the one discordant element of the cast, and after she had been singing a very short time one could not be surprised that *Tannhäuser* seemed anxious to quit the



Venusberg. With the large number of lady vocalists at his disposal it appears strange that a better selection had not been made by Sir Augustus Harris. However, hearty thanks are due to him for having produced the opera at all, and he is doubly to be congratulated on having given us, after many postponements, a representation which, both as regards the leading artists and the *mise en scène*, will endure in the memory as the star performance of this season.

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LAST month we had to lament the sudden death of Mr. Carrodus, a first-rate violinist and musician, endeared to all who had the pleasure and privilege of his acquaintance. He died, it may be said, in harness, for he was in his accustomed seat in the orchestra at Covent Garden only a few hours before he breathed his last. I knew him personally for the last 20 years, and he certainly possessed a very beautiful character. He had nothing mean or paltry in his disposition, and his attitude towards new comers was always most indulgent. His familiar figure and kindly face will long be missed as leader of the orchestra, with all the members of which he was immensely popular. In the teeth of such irreparable loss mere words of condolence seem weak and inadequate, but many of my readers besides myself will tender to Mrs. Carrodus in this the hour of her deep affliction a very warm and heart-felt sympathy.

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AFTER a respectful interval of time the place of leader at the opera, rendered vacant by the sad death of Mr. Carrodus, has been offered to and accepted by Mr. Betjemann, who has long been a prominent figure in the musical world, both as violinist and conductor.

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ON July 11th, Mr. A. K. Virgil concluded a course of ten lectures at the Meeting Room of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, 20, Hanover Square, W. The lectures were held on Monday and Thursday afternoons, and were devoted to an exposition of how best to apply "brain, nerve, and muscle" to the playing of the piano-forte. Technical illustrations were admirably furnished by Miss Julie Geyer, and the series should have proved invaluable to what the lecturer quaintly described as "interested parties." Undoubtedly "nerve" is an essential of the best executive work, and Mr. Virgil did well to insist upon the application of "brain" before a class of people who are prone to rely too exclusively upon "muscle."

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THE terminal orchestral concert of the Royal Academy of Music was given on the afternoon of July 23rd, when, as usual, there was a very large audience. Only one new work by a student was submitted, but this proved to be particularly well worth hearing. It took the form of a setting, for chorus and orchestra, of the 137th Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," and the composer, Mr. Charles Macpherson, showed once again that we have in these islands musicians of the greatest promise, who might surely be given a chance before we welcome Continental failures, as is our usual time-honoured and fly-blown practice. The final chorus, "Blessed shall he be," would do credit to any European writer, and throughout Mr. Macpherson evinces an individuality which will be more pronounced as he proceeds. It is easy to say, as has been said in the *Standard*, that "Brahms and Dvôrak are masters from whom he

has obtained inspiration, and occasionally there are Mendelssohnian touches," but I should like to know of how many young composers, who are at all tolerable, the same could not with equal or more propriety be observed, and for my part, I am not disposed to quarrel with either Brahmsian or Mendelssohnian "touches" so long as the main work shows anything like an original grasp. On the contrary, since everybody, including Beethoven, must be influenced by somebody, let us be thankful when a new genius is influenced by the more worthy examples.

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THE performance of *Lohengrin* at the Opera on July 23rd was noteworthy from several points of view. Taking into consideration the engrossing excitement inseparable from the Parliamentary Elections, which in this country (though not in France) always have a disastrous effect upon the attendance at theatres, the audience was large and distinguished. On the whole the chorus and orchestra under the careful direction of Signor Mancinelli, combined to give as fine a rendering of Wagner's opera as I remember to have heard anywhere. Madame Eames, as Elsa, was in perfect voice, and if she could act as well as she can sing she would indeed be an ideal exponent of the part. Curiously enough, however, Elsa's is just one of those characters which do not demand any great theatrical action. She, as conceived by Wagner, is precisely one of those disappointing women who, while exercising an enormous fascination over men, are not conspicuous for intelligence. Elsa is lovely, interesting, a kind of martyr; but when everything has been done for her, when she is the envied of all her sex, she becomes commonplace: She wants to know "Why?" Madame Eames has all the personal charm that would attract a *Lohengrin*. Can I say more?

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SIGNOR VIGNAS, as the hero, was almost as good as possible. His acting and bearing were at once dignified and sympathetic. M. Plançon declaimed with his customary ringing incisiveness, and Mlle. Giulia Ravogli played Ortruda with a thoroughness that might almost have been too thorough had it been less artistic. Mention is due to M. Gillibert, who used his magnificent voice as well as it could be used in the music allotted to the *Herald*.

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A SERIES of Promenade Concerts will be inaugurated this month at the Queen's Hall. Sir Arthur Sullivan has undertaken to compose a ballet for the Alhambra. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is composing a "Scottish Rhapsody" for M. Paderewski. The Philharmonic Society have decided to lower their pitch in conformity with that adopted in Paris and on the Continent generally.

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LADY MACKENZIE distributed the prizes to the students of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall on July 24th, when Sir Alexander delivered the customary address. In its course he referred with justifiable satisfaction to the compositions which have recently emanated from pupils of the institution, compositions of which, he said, any Conservatoire in the world might well feel proud. Miss Sibyl Palliser, who is already very favourably known by her works, received several prizes. Mr. Christopher Wilson is the Mendelssohn Scholar of the year, Miss Llewela Davies the Macfarren Scholar, and to Miss A. M. Hughes was allotted the newly-founded Erard Centenary Scholarship. Miss Cummings, daughter of the well-known vocalist and musician, also won rewards in various branches.

P. R.

CONDUCTORS.

To the non-musical person, in all probability, the position of the conductor seems one of the easiest to fill in the whole range of musical performances. He appears to have nothing to do but beat the time with approximate regularity, and occasionally give cues to important instruments entering after a protracted rest. The average individual, who is ignorant of the details of the conductor's art, is apt to think that, given no changes in *tempo*, where guidance would obviously be required, a fine orchestra would probably play much the same whether there was any conductor or not. No doubt it is true that some conductors will not infrequently stop beating altogether during a short straightforward passage; and we wonder that the example set by Herr Levi and others is not more generally followed, considering the great physical fatigue incurred by continued regular movement of the right arm for a long stretch of time. And there are anecdotes of Bülow having played the second piano concerto of Brahms—a work of the greatest difficulty and elaboration in the orchestral writing—without any conductor; but in judging a case like this we must remember, in the first place, that every individual member of the band had played under Bülow for years, and also that he himself was always at the piano to guard against any conceivable mishap. But though no doubt the conductor did not make his appearance until quite late in the history of the art, yet we should very soon see the result now-a-days if even a fine orchestra tried to play through its music without him. In the case of a quintet, or even an octet, the number of players is small enough to secure something like homogeneity without an outside guiding hand—in the case of an orchestra this is not so. No doubt we occasionally—and the result is painful enough—come across conductors who do not guide, but follow, the orchestra, sometimes it may be through sheer enthusiasm for the music which leads them to forget that, strictly speaking, they are not listeners but active performers, and sometimes again through simple inability to take the initiative. We must always remember that in the real sense of the words a conductor is a performer as much as any solo player. He plays on the orchestra as a pianist plays on the piano.

But if it is the case, as we have said, that to the non-musical mind the conductor seems comparatively unimportant, recent events in London must have given great cause for wonderment to a large number of persons. We have cast off the star-system of *prima donnas* but we seem rapidly falling under the no doubt preferable, but still not wholly dissimilar, reign of the star conductor. Until within a comparatively very short time, anything like the present touring conductor (without his own special orchestra) was absolutely unknown. Conductors stayed where they happened to be working, and had no idea of wandering about over Europe rivalling each other's "interpretations." To the conductor of fifty years ago, all this talk about "individual interpretation" could have meant nothing. He would have remarked that there was the score plainly marked out with its *pianos* and *fortes*, and his only business was to form a general idea of the proper time, and keep his men to their work with military exactness. But though conductors of this kind have now no possible standing-ground, yet it is not hard to see a possible danger in all this rivalry of readings. It opens the door for conductors to follow the example of many pianists in deliberately disregarding the composer's intentions altogether, and putting themselves as kings in his stead. But while we

quite see this possibility, that is no reason for our refusing to recognise the extreme interest and value of different interpretations of the great orchestral masterpieces. Of course there is, at any rate about the older works, a certain more or less universally received tradition, and it would be the height of absurdity to seek out new conceptions merely for the sake of their newness; but on the other hand there is no absolute sanctity in tradition, and a conductor who can be trusted to take a broadly artistic view of his functions will generally have a good deal to say for himself when he departs from the conventional reading of a masterpiece.

And certainly there is any amount of scope for "readings" in conducting—as much as, or even more than, there is in singing or playing. The one great difficulty is of course to secure that the orchestra shall, in the first place, clearly understand the intention, and in the second, loyally carry it out. No doubt the task of an orchestra with a strange conductor is a very hard one. They may perhaps have been accustomed for years to a particular reading of a passage, and they are asked on the spur of the moment to play it quite differently. We remember a striking instance at Herr Levi's rehearsal of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for his concert last April, when he preferred to take the grace-notes in the *Allegretto on the beat*, whereas the great majority of the orchestra had clearly been accustomed to play them *before*. This is merely a small point, but there are all sorts of *nuances* about which every conductor must necessarily have his own special ideas. It is absurd to say that we must simply have the notes and nothing but the notes; there are in every kind of music shades of colour and rhythm which it is absolutely impossible to express in words, but which are none the less of vital importance to a really adequate rendering. It is the conductor's business to bring them out as he sees them, just as it is the business of any other executive artist to be a living interpreter and not a metronomic barrel-organ. Of course, as we said, this must not be overdone; and we may legitimately argue, if we like, that, for example, Herr Levi's *tempo rubato* in the first movement of the Seventh Symphony was excessive, or that Herr Nikisch's rendering of the *Tristan* Vorspiel and Liebestod was too languid and disjointed. We can go further and say, for example, that Mr. Manns' rendering of the last-named pieces is no rendering at all, while at the same time we admit that his readings of most things except Wagner—and in particular, of Schubert and Schumann—are of an excellence that is quite exceptional. We can if we like make comparisons between conductors, and notice how the same works, played by practically the same players, come out with a thousand fresh lights under the different guiding minds; and here in England, where native conductors are very few and far between and the Costa traditions are hardly yet dead, we should be more than ever grateful to foreigners like Herr Richter, Mr. Manns, Herr Levi, Herr Mottl, and Herr Nikisch for affording us the opportunities of valuable contrasts. Within certain limits, of course, the preference of one great conductor to another must be largely a matter of temperament; but under any circumstances we must recognise that it is impossible to force conductors, any more than singers or pianists, into a hard-and-fast traditional groove, and forbid them to leave it. If a man does not put his own nature into what he is doing, the result will not be worth much—of course the one necessity is that his own individuality should not exclude, but rather illustrate, the composer's.

One of the cond points of perhaps the severest t has poss "points" to emph perform V rather th from ove about per ever. It who can at the sa various el no better makes co his music for anything great pit seem, m posers bes all. Bach as much in Parsifal Symphon be very n not at a composition conductor and equal if a he persons v about the ability of external d finds it m him, and ninety-nine well; but ever becom as it is at to gesture does not b the music gets satis music along pay atten things in interview

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One of the most obvious dangers that besets the path of the conductor is that of sacrificing to the accentuation of points of detail the general effect of the whole, and perhaps the proper management of this compromise is the severest test of a conductor's abilities. Wagner's music has possibly done some harm in this direction. The "points" are so numerous and striking, and the temptation to emphasise them is so natural, that many conductors perform Wagner as if his music were an ingenious mosaic rather than a coherent whole; while others, in shrinking from over-elaboration of detail, only manage to bring about performances without any particular interest whatever. It is only men like Levi and Richter and Mottl who can seize the central ideas of Wagner's music while at the same time attending to the due proportion of the various elaborate details. In a sense, of course, there is no better training for the conductor than Wagner. It makes constant and severe demands on every portion of his musical capacities, and gives him absolutely no scope for anything like easy-going carelessness. Still, it is a great pity that so many of the great modern conductors seem, more or less, to act upon the idea that few composers besides Wagner and Beethoven are worth doing at all. Bach and Mozart require first-rate "readings" just as much; and some conductors who might be admirable in *Parsifal* might come hopelessly to grief in a Haydn Symphony. Conductors who are worth hearing will never be very numerous—the gift is quite a special one, and does not at all necessarily go along with great talent for composition or anything else; but still more rare are conductors who have equal sympathy with all schools, and equal capacity for interpreting them. But even if a heaven-sent conductor were to appear, many persons would probably still quarrel among themselves about the style of his particular gestures, or the advisability of his conducting without notes, or the other petty external details of conducting. Of course if a conductor finds it more comfortable not to have a score in front of him, and is more absolutely certain of his memory than ninety-nine out of a hundred pianists are, it is all very well; but it would be a thousand pities if the habit should ever become among conductors so absurd a superstition as it is at present among most pianists. And with regard to gestures and similar details, so long as a conductor does not by any eccentricities draw attention away from the music, it is altogether immaterial what he does, if he gets satisfactory results from his orchestra. It is not in music alone that many of us are far too much inclined to pay attention to the merest externals, and look on things in general from the standpoint of the popular interviewer.

ERNEST WALKER.

VARIA.

ONE of the most striking signs of the times is the great increase, within the last year or two, of Sunday concerts in London. At first they mainly consisted of organ recitals, with a singer or two included, but lately choral and orchestral and chamber concerts of all kinds have been widely given and have met with the greatest success. At first, too, the programmes were mainly or entirely composed of what it is customary to call "sacred music," but we are glad to see that this idea is dying out, and that concert promoters are coming to see that the only real distinction in music is not between sacred and secular, but between good and bad. But in view of the movement in the

direction of Sunday music, it is becoming more and more plainly an anachronism that the law on the subject should continue as it is. The givers of such concerts have often to resort to what are more or less subterfuges in order to preserve the legality of their entertainments, and at the same time pay expenses; and surely the time has come when we can afford to follow the common-sense lead of every other European country on these matters. Few musicians can refuse to welcome the change when we consider the ordinary type of the "sacred concert" of the past—perhaps hardly of the past as yet, we must regretfully admit. It is difficult altogether to grasp the logical basis on which these programmes were made up; but the words of the songs seem to have been, perhaps naturally, the chief consideration, while the character of the music was entirely secondary. Supposing the concert were not of the so-called "purely classical" type, the chief items would of course be specimens of the religious ballad, the words of which would invariably be of a kind at which even Dickens, with all his cheap vulgar sentimentality, would probably have blushed (with a Latin tag of *Ave Maria* or *Ora pro nobis* as a refrain); while the music would be suitably matched both emotionally and intellectually, with certain regular features, such as recitatives with minor chords when referring to the poverty and distress of the hero or heroine, and reiterated major triplets in the treble for the angel in the last verse. Besides these, there would naturally be, as a slight sop to classicalism, things like "O rest in the Lord," and possibly, as the one oasis in this desert of hopeless effeminacy, some good vigorous scale exercises of Handel like "Why do the nations?"—or perhaps "He shall feed his flock" might be thrown in, to set the musicians present wondering why so perfectly beautiful and pure a piece should be sandwiched in between, say, "The Holy City," and "But the Lord is mindful;" and if instrumental music were required, an organ solo would meet the want—any one would do, for all organ music would be equally "sacred." But when an orchestra is available, the sacred concert rises to even higher flights. The religious ballad of the ordinary kind is left out, but in its place we have selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (ballet-music originally, we now know on indisputable evidence), with more bits of Gounod and Mendelssohn, and a little Haydn or Handel as a relief, and perhaps, as a crowning effect, some of the worst *Ancient and Modern* hymn tunes sung by the whole audience. To speak quite seriously, it is difficult to imagine what a foreign musician would think of one of these performances. He would probably only shrug his shoulders, and make sage reflections on the harm English music has suffered, and still suffers, through the sheer infatuation of the British public for oratorio *quid oratorio*, and the practically undisputed reign of a school of modern church music which, taking it broadly as a whole (for of course there are exceptions), is of a combined dulness and sentimentality, unrelieved by the faintest inspiration, that is perhaps unparalleled in the artistic history of the century. And yet we could once produce the anthems and services of Byrd and Gibbons and many more of the first rank, and superb hymn-tunes like those of the old English and Scotch Psalters, which will live for ever by the side of the great German chorales; and again there were the men of the eighteenth century, who, while not so strong as their predecessors, were at any rate first-class musicians, and, still later, composers like Sebastian Wesley and one or two more. We hardly ever speak out our real minds about the modern hymn-tunes and anthems, for now-a-days the great difficulty is

that the ordinary man and woman will persist in considering "sacred music" from the point of view of the associations of the words. Let us clear our minds once for all on the point. If the words are the main thing, let us have them without any music at all, or at any rate do not let us complain if the music is judged on its own merits. If, on the other hand, we merely mean to assert the identity between sacred music and good music, then we might as well say so, and drop the former term altogether. It is rather "darkening counsel" to say with some musical clerics that opera extracts, if good music, are sacred; and in speaking of works like Bach's B minor Mass, it makes things much simpler if we call the music solemn, or deep, or impressive, rather than sacred. The word has really no meaning when applied to pure abstract art.

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THE month just past is generally fruitful in musical examinations; and though from the point of view of the examinee these institutions are often not among the pleasantest of recollections, yet from the point of view of the examiner they are often of very considerable interest. While, no doubt, there is often a large amount of monotony inseparable from them, yet this is very largely diminished in those examinations where a large selection of pieces is given to choose from, or perhaps merely a list of composers' names is furnished, from among whom the candidates may select any works. In a large examination of several hundred candidates held recently, this last regulation was in force; and quite apart from the interest, inherent in all examinations, of studying the various temperaments and types of character of those who present themselves, there was on this occasion the further interest of noticing the composers and generally the kind of music most in vogue in particular circles of musical life in this country. The list of composers issued in the rules included practically all the best known names in the art, but their works were far from being exhausted, even by the very large number of candidates. The great majority of those who presented themselves were of course pianists, and their selections (or, naturally, in very many cases, those of their teachers) were highly interesting. There was a very fair proportion of Beethoven sonatas. The little ones from Op. 49 and those of Op. 14 were great favourites with the more elementary players, while of those demanding rather more advanced playing, Op. 7 in E flat and Op. 22 in B flat, and of course the "Pathétique," gained the greatest number of votes, and still higher up the technical scale the "Waldstein" and the C sharp minor were most chosen; but few of the other sonatas came to a hearing, though the A major from Op. 2—one of the least generally played of all—was chosen by two or three. Naturally enough some eight or nine of the sonatas of Mozart figured fairly constantly in the lists; and among the other more or less frequent appearances were Schubert's Impromptus in E flat and A flat, and Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Andante and Allegro in A, and Capriccio in E minor, and of course a good many of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, though, comparatively speaking, these last were not present in very strong force—a fact which perhaps shows that their popularity is, at last, on the wane. Bach, though represented by a fair number of the Inventions and the "Forty-eight," seemed known to most of the candidates by the Echo from the B minor Partita; Chopin was mainly known by the waltzes (particularly those in E flat and E minor) the B flat minor Scherzo, and the A flat Ballade, though one candidate brought up the interesting and practically never

heard Variations on an air of Hérold; and Schumann, though two candidates of original mind produced the F sharp minor Sonata and the Allegro in B minor, was otherwise almost solely represented by "Grillen" and the first Novelette. There were occasional sporadic examples of Handel, Haydn, Field, Dussek and Hummel—though why anyone should play either of the last two now-a-days is hard to see; but the great crowning feature of the piano examinations was certainly the amazing popularity of Weber and Sterndale Bennett. The "Polonaises Brillantes," and the E flat Rondo of the former turned up with unvarying regularity many times a day at the hands of young ladies and gentlemen many of whom probably knew but little of the glories of *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*; while as to the latter, the candidates might well have been credited with entering into a conspiracy to prevent the examiners from ever forgetting him. We must frankly confess that we personally had no idea of the popularity of these two composers in certain pianistic circles; and yet, when we think over the matter, it is fairly easy to see the reasons. The pieces of Weber are by no means too hard for moderate performers, and they are very showy—they afford opportunities, at no particular effort, for "brilliant display" in the drawing-room, and have the weight of a great name behind them to silence the classical caviller; while those of Bennett are thoroughly well-written and perfectly harmless and respectable, and have no inconvenient passion or depth about them which might set the young idea presumptuously thinking. Still, if we take broader views of musical education, it would hardly seem that a mixture of the superficial fireworks of Weber's piano pieces and the gentlemanly milk-and-water of Sterndale Bennett's forms quite the best artistic training conceivable. The choice of vocal pieces by the singing candidates was also interesting. Handel proved by far the most popular composer—every well-known oratorio was laid under contribution over and over again; his music somehow seems to appeal to most English-born singers with peculiar force, and certainly some of the renderings were quite exceptionally fine. Mendelssohn's oratorio songs probably came next, and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," and Bennett's "May Dew," won many votes; and there were a few scattered examples of Mozart and Schumann and Weber, but, almost inconceivably, only a single Schubert. But, as if to counterbalance this last neglect, the examiners had to listen to one particular song of Gounod, entitled "The Worker," we are afraid to say how many times. While we fully admit that, in the by no means easy art of writing graceful ballet-music and similar light work, Gounod showed a fancy and a musicianly touch of very remarkable excellence, yet it is difficult adequately to estimate the harm he has done by his attempts—generally about on the level of a third-rate theatre—to deal with the great emotions of men. But still, even with *The Redemption* in our ears, we were hardly prepared for anything quite so bad as "The Worker." Its frequent selection shows plainly enough that there are numbers of people—and many of these candidates had admirable voices and musical capacities—who think that "poetry" of a kind impossible to characterise in polite language, and music to match, are somehow sanctified by the name of one who in other branches of his art did much charming and musicianly work. It is hardly a very pleasant reflection.

* * *

THE advent of the great choral festivals in the autumn leads us to consider sometimes the reason why, when we

think of them we always are the pride of those at Choral Societies the foreign up in court real embassies were native-born much more probability mechanical in the world and we may is no doubt chorus goes Royal Choristers "Thanks England to very long list of a very like voices, can united in They sang sneeringly learn instead to one of probably f did. We musicians masses of natural org education, The result enormous one conce not therefore seem to of three must nec do not wis of our ch to conten be suitably why we i the size. our choirs years, and out when all they d numbers. it is more sung by in so, we oft really a ver are a musi whole arm very little go on pour they might sionally, to encourages inferior ch part-song is considerably le

think of the chief national type of music in this country, we always turn first to our choral performances. They are the great feature on which we are accustomed to pride ourselves, and we look confidently to choruses like those at Leeds and Birmingham, or that of the Royal Choral Society, to uphold our reputation in the eyes of the foreigner. All over the country choral societies spring up in countless swarms; they look upon themselves as the real embodiment of national music—instrumental performances we can leave to others, but our choruses must be native-born. We should be the last to deny that there is much foundation for our pride in these things. In all probability, for sheer volume of tone and perfect mechanical accuracy and precision, there are few choirs in the world equal to that of the Leeds Festival at its best; and we may justly congratulate ourselves on the fact. It is no doubt very wonderful to watch the Handel Festival chorus going all together like clockwork, and to hear the Royal Choral Society shout out the unison at the end of "Thanks be to God." But there is a great tendency in England to exaggerate the importance of these things. Not very long ago a small chorus from Amsterdam consisting of a very limited number of first-rate musicians with picked voices, came to London, and gave performances of unaccompanied motets and other similar music which the best judges united in recognising as of quite extraordinary merit. They sang to practically empty rooms, and several papers sneeringly remarked that they ought to have come here to learn instead of to teach, and advised them to go and listen to one of our big choral societies. As a matter of fact, probably few choirs in England could have sung as they did. We never hear a small chorus of flawlessly trained musicians with flawless voices. We crowd together huge masses of people, many of whom have no doubt fine natural organs, but often also have but little real artistic education, and we drill them like a regiment of soldiers. The result is no doubt often a triumphant reward for an enormous amount of real hard work on the part of everyone concerned, from the conductor downwards; but it is not therefore strictly speaking artistic. Many persons seem to be penetrated with the idea that a chorus of three hundred, or still more of three thousand, must necessarily be better than one of thirty. We do not wish for a moment to cut down the numbers of our choruses when they have modern orchestration to contend with—the general effect must of course be suitably balanced; but there is no possible reason why we should crowd them up merely to increase the size. In not a few cases we retain in the ranks of our choirs singers who have sung there for years and years, and we have not the courage to politely turn them out when their voices are worthless—we think that after all they do no particular harm, and they add to the numbers. In a huge choir like that of the Handel Festival it is more than probable that countless wrong notes are sung by individuals—of course they are never heard, and so, we often think, what does it matter? It matters really a very great deal. It encourages the idea that we are a musical nation because we can drill to sing in public whole armies of people, a large proportion of whom know very little of music: it encourages English composers to go on pouring forth oratorios and cantatas in shoals, when they might be turning their attention, at any rate occasionally, to other things; and, in a lower sphere, it encourages the production of all that enormous mass of inferior choral literature, of which the ordinary tonic sol-fa part-song is the type, and of which the artistic value is considerably less than *nil*. This is the sort of food on which we

bring up the rising generation of England, and then we call ourselves musical. Here in England we seem to have the idea that no musical training whatever is necessary for singing. We have never had a proper tradition of instrumental music—in the great majority of cases we leave this to foreigners, who are not slow to take advantage of their opportunity. Let us pride ourselves as much as we like on the very remarkable effects which discipline and hard work get out of the rough material of our choral societies, but do not let us therefore blind ourselves to the fact that choral music is immeasurably inferior to instrumental as an artistic training, and also that, even if it were not so, there is nothing particularly artistic, in the strict sense of the word, in getting some hundreds or thousands of people to go together with the regularity of a more or less expressive barrel-organ.

E. W.

MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

* * * In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.

STREATHAM.—On July 18th, at the High School, Mr. John Farmer had a "musical talk" with the students, and explained the true principles and method of education in piano playing. The illustrations of the four standards were very well played by Miss Hilda Morris.

STEINWAY HALL.—On July 17th, a selection of chamber music by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, was performed by members of the Harrow Music School, assisted by Messrs. A. Gibson and C. Ould.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The Practical Examinations in Vocal and Instrumental Music were held from June 17th to June 27th, the number of candidates being 399. The examiner was Mr. John Farmer, of Balliol College, Oxford, and Director of the Harrow Music School; and the assistant-examiner Mr. Ernest Walker, M.A., Balliol, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

NOTTING HILL.—At the High School, on June 26th, Mr. W. H. Hadow, M.A., Mus. Bac., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, gave an extremely clear and interesting lecture on "Musical Form." The illustrations were excellently played by Miss Marian Bateman. On July 6th a concert was given at which an admirably selected programme was performed almost entirely by present students of the school. Miss Myra Jerningham played one of Schumann's transcriptions of Paganini's Violin Caprices, and Paderewski's "Cracovienne Fantastique;" Miss Marie Shedlock sang two fine and comparatively seldom heard songs of Grieg; Miss Amy Hickling gave Svendsen's Romance for violin; and Miss Isabel Hearne was heard in Sullivan's "Orpheus with his Lute," Grieg's "Solveig's Song," and Clay's "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby." The other items were piano solos—*Lieder ohne Worte*, Nos. 13 and 34, Mendelssohn; Fabliau, Raff; Faschingsschwank, Schumann; *L'Invitation à la Valse*, Weber; Bagatelle (Op. 33), Beethoven; Gavotte and Rigaudon, Grieg; Sarabande, Farmer; *Albumblätter*, Grieg; Melody, Rubinstein; Prelude, Chopin; Scherzo in E minor, Mendelssohn; Novelette, Schumann; violin and piano—Rondo in F, Mozart; Andante and Allegretto, Handel; song—"April," Goring Thomas; and part-songs

by Purcell, Schumann, Whittaker and Hatton, sung by the members of the Choral Society.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON.—The annual concert was given on Old Boys' Day, June 27th. There was some good violin and piano playing shown by the boys—particularly in a piano quartet (March from *Tannhäuser*). Hickes sang "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond" with a clearness of intonation and beauty of expression rarely found in boys. An old boy, Mr. Besley, of King's College, Cambridge, sang, with his usual faultless taste, Mlle. Chaminade's "Madrigal" and Richardson's "Mary," giving as encores Tosti's "Venetian Boat Song" and Blumenthal's "Good Night." The chief feature of the concert, as usual, was the refined and disciplined part-singing of the School Choir, conspicuously in their rendering of Geminiani's "Gently Touch." Two humorous items gave much amusement, "Jack and Jill," by S. Jarvis, and Haydn's "Serenade"; as did also a Devonshire song sung by Mr. Johnson (O.B.) as an encore. We must not omit Mr. Bray's singing of a new song written by Mr. Tovey (Balliol College, Oxford), entitled "A Vision," a clever composition, but requiring to be heard more than once to be properly appreciated. Mr. Herring conducted.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

* * * To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.

OUR Newcastle-on-Tyne correspondent writes:—

For the last two months and over there has not been a single musical event to chronicle. An attempt is being made to raise a guarantee fund to secure a return visit of the Csikos Hungarian band, but with indifferent success.

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

WAGNER'S music is rapidly winning general appreciation in Spain, where many signs of increased musical activity are perceptible. At a recent concert in Madrid, under the auspices of Señor Campanini, selections from *Tristan und Isolde* and *Parsifal* were performed with the greatest success.

THE season of the Netherlands Opera Company was concluded at Amsterdam with a series of performances of *Fidelio* and *Lohengrin*, which are spoken of in high terms. Holland, which is principally famous musically for its wonderful *à capella* singing (as was shown in the extraordinarily fine performances of a Dutch choir in London last year) seems of late to be also winning notice in the field of opera.

WEBER'S *Der Freischütz* has been recently revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, but did not meet with much success. The performances are said to have been inadequate in several respects.

THE tenth Anhalt Musical Festival recently took place at Bernburg. Among the works performed were Tinell's oratorio *Franziskus* (with Herr Heinrich Vogl in the principal rôle), the finale from *Die Meistersinger*, the overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and two compositions—a setting of the 100th Psalm and a violoncello concerto—from the pen of the conductor, Herr August Klughardt.

IT is said that Herr Carl Reinecke will shortly retire from the conductorship of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig. Herr Reinecke is in his seventy-second year, and has held the conductorship for more than thirty years.

A NATIONAL musical festival will be held at Amsterdam in September, when instrumental works by native composers will be performed by native artists. No choral works will, it is said, be included in the programme.

As the anniversary of Marschner's birthday falls on August 16th, the operas of *Hans Heiling* and *Der Vampyr* will be rendered at the Royal Opera at Berlin; and it is said that about the same time Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* will be produced for the first time in Prussia.

THE annual Music Festival of the Grand Duchy of Baden was held at Carlsruhe recently with great success. Six thousand members of different choral societies took part in the various performances.

SCHUMANN'S music to *Faust* was recently produced, for the first time in Italy, at the Teatro Comunale at Bologna, under the direction of Signor Martucci. The third part especially was extremely well received, and the rendering of the whole was generally excellent.

THE Dusseldorf Gesang-Verein recently held a Popular Music Festival, giving an altogether admirable performance of Haydn's *Creation*, with celebrated solo vocalists, to a crowded audience, admitted at the uniform price of sixpence, which included the price of the programme as well as of the seat.

THE hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, who is an ardent Wagner enthusiast, is making various structural changes in his Court Theatre in order to assimilate it to the Bayreuth model. Special performances of the music-dramas will be given before invited audiences by the most celebrated artists.

SOME highly interesting musical correspondence has been discovered in the archives of the Gotha Theatre by Dr. Hodermann, its historian. The letters were written by Spohr and Andreas Romberg during their respective tenures of the conductorship.

RUBINSTEIN'S stage oratorio *Christus*, one of his latest works, was produced a short time back at the Bremen Theatre, several performances being given before large audiences. Dr. Otto Briesemeister and Herr Raimond von zur Möhlen divided the title rôle between them, and the performance of the latter in particular is spoken of in very high terms.

ANOTHER *Christus*—by M. Adolphe Samuel, director of the Conservatoire at Ghent—was recently produced in that town. M. Samuel's work, is, unlike Rubinstein's, intended for concert, not stage, performance; it is entitled "Symphonie Mystique," and is laid out for chorus and orchestra on a very large scale.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



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"O SING UNTO THE LORD WITH THANKSGIVING"

Anthem for Harvest

FERRIS TOZER.

MUS. BAC., OXON.

Ps. CXLVII. v. 7.8.9.

Ps. CXLV. v. 17.

Ps. CL. v. 6.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST. W.

Allegro. $\text{d} = 96$.

ORGAN.

Soprano.

O sing unto the Lord with thanks - giv - ing,

Alto.

O sing unto the Lord with thanks - giv - ing,

Tenor.

O sing unto the Lord with thanks - giv - ing,

Bass.

O sing unto the Lord with thanks - giv - ing,

No Organ.

Org.

Sing unto the Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing with thanks.

Sing unto the Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing

Sing unto the Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing

Sing unto the Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing

- giv - ing, Sing with thanks - giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks.
 with thanks - giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks.
 Sing with thanks - giv - ing, thanks - giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks.
 with thanks - giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks.

 giv - - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv -
 giv - - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv -
 giv - - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv -
 giv - ing, with thanks - giv - ing, sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv -

 ing. *rall.* Sing prais - es, Sing prais - es up.
 ing. *rall.* Sing prais - es, *a tempo.*
 ing. *rall.* Sing prais - es, Sing prais - es up.
 ing. *ff* *rall.* Sing prais - es, *a tempo.*
 ing. Sing prais - es, sing prais - es, *a tempo.*
ff *rall.* Sing prais - es, *a tempo.*

on the harp un-to our God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp un-to our
 Sing prais - es up - on the harp un-to our
 on the harp un-to our God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp un-to our
 Sing prais - es up - on the harp un-to our
 on the harp un-to our God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp un-to our
 Sing prais - es up - on the harp un-to our
 God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp, Sing prais - es up -
 God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp, Sing prais - es up -
 God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp, Sing prais - es up -
 God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp, Sing prais - es up -
 God, Sing prais - es up - on the harp, Sing prais - es up -
 on the harp un - to our God.
 on the harp un - to our God.
 on the harp un - to our God. Who cov' - reth the heaven, the
 on the harp un - to our God.

mf

And

heaven with clouds,

and pre - par - eth, pre - par - eth rain for the earth,

maketh grass to grow, to grow up on the mountains.

and herb for the use, the

and herb for the use, the

and

Who giv - eth fod - der un - to the cat - tle, and

use of men,

use of men,

mf
And

feed-eth the young ra - vens that call up - on Him, and feed-eth the young
 feed-eth the young ra - vens that call up - on Him,
 and feed-eth the young

ra - vens that call up - on Him.

ra - vens that call up - on Him.

O sing un-to the Lord with thanks - giv - ing. Sing un-to the
 O sing un-to the Lord with thanks - giv - ing. Sing un-to the
 O sing un-to the Lord with thanks - giv - ing. Sing un-to the
 O sing un-to the Lord with thanks - giv - ing. Sing un-to the
 sensa Organ Org.

Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing with thanks - giv - ing, Sing with thanks
 Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing with thanks
 Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing, Sing with thanks giv - ing, thanks
 Lord, Sing unto the Lord, Sing with thanks

- giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing, 0
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 - giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing, 0
 - giv - ing, O sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing, with thanks giv - ing,

sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing.
 sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing.
 sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing.
 sing un - to the Lord with thanks - giv - - ing.

Soprano Solo.

Andante. $\text{d} = 80.$

Gt Clar.

*mf**Sw.*

The

*Sw.**p**Ped.*

Lord is righteous in all His ways, is right - eous in all His

ways, the Lord is righteous in all His ways, is righ-teous in all His

pp

ways, is right - eous in all His ways, The Lord is righteous in

all His ways, and ho ly in all, in all His works, ho .

*p**mf**f**p**pp**Ped.*

mf

ly, ho - ly, ho - ly in all His works, The Lord is
righteous in all His ways, and Ho - ly, and Ho - ly in all His works,
Ho - ly in all His works, Ho - ly, ho - ly. The
Lord is righteous in all His ways, is right - eous in all His
ways, the Lord is righteous in all His ways, The Lord is

righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.

rall.

rall. pp

Chorus.

Allegro.

praise the
praise the
Let ev'ry thing that hath breath praise the
Let ev'ry thing that hath breath praise the
Allegro

ff

ff Slow.

ff

ff

Lord, praise the Lord, praise,
Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
(d = 132)

praise ————— the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
 Lord, praise ————— the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
 Lord, praise ————— the Lord.
 Lord, the Lord, Let ev - 'ry - thing
 Lord, praise the Lord, the Lord, Let ev - 'ry - thing
 Lord, praise the Lord, the Lord, Let ev - 'ry - thing
 praise ————— the Lord, praise the
 that hath breath praise the Lord, the Lord.

that hath breath, Let ev - ry - thing
 that hath breath praise _____ the Lord, praise
 Lord, praise the Lord, praise _____ the Lord, praise
 praise the Lord praise _____
 {
 }

that hath breath praise _____ the Lord, praise the
 _____ the Lord, praise _____ the Lord, praise the
 _____ the Lord, praise _____ the Lord,
 the Lord, praise _____ the Lord, praise the
 {
 }

Lord praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
 Lord, praise the Lord. Let ev'-ry thing that hath
 Let ev'-ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord, praisethe Lord, the
 Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the
 Lord, praise the Lord, Let ev'-ry thing that hath
 breath Let ev'-ry thing that hath breath
 Lord, Let ev'-ry thing that hath breath
 Lord, Let ev'-ry thing that hath breath
 Lord, Let ev'-ry thing that hath breath
 praise the Lord.
 praise the Lord.
 praise the Lord.
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Registered

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F. L. & J. P. Bach.

CHEVALIER LEONHARD EMILE BACH.